Elvis Presley, Marguerita

Who makes my heart beat like thunder? Who makes my temperature rise? Who makes me tremble with wonderful rapture With one burning glance, from her eyes Marquerita Once I was free as a gypsy A creature too wild to tame Then suddenly I saw, Marguerita And I was caught, like a moth in the flame Marguerita is her name Marguerita Her lips have made me her prisoner A slave to her every command She captivates me, and intoxicates me With one little touch of her hand Marquerita Sweet Marguerita sweet, sweet Marguerita